

"THE WHITE MOLL"

—BY—
FRANK L. PACKARD

Appearing every day in serial form in the Magazine Section of The Times.

(Continued from Yesterday)

She drew Gypsy Nan's black, greasy shawl a little more closely around her shoulders, and moved forward again. And now, on the outskirts of the crowd, she could see quite plainly. There were two or three low steps that led up to the doorway, and a man and woman were standing there. The woman was wretchedly dressed, but with most strange incongruity she held in her hand, obviously subconsciously, obviously quite oblivious of it, a huge basket full of overflowing with, as nearly as Rhoda Gray could judge, all sorts of purchases, as though out of the midst of abject poverty a golden shower had suddenly descended upon her. And she was gray, and well beyond middle age, and crying bitterly; and her free hand, whether to support herself or with the instinctive idea of supporting her companion, was clutched tightly around the man's shoulders. And the man looked unsteadily upon his feet. He was tall and angular, and older than the woman, and cadaverous of feature, and miserably thin of shoulder, and blood trickled over his forehead and down one ashen hollow cheek—and above the excited exclamations of the crowd Rhoda Gray heard him cough.

Rhoda Gray glanced around her. Where scarcely a second before she had been on the outer fringe of the crowd, she now appeared to be in the very center of it. Women were pushing up behind her, women who wore shawls as she did, only the shawls were mostly of gaudy colors, and men pushed up behind her, mostly men of swarthy countenance, who wore circles of gold in their ears; and, brushing her skirts, seeking vantage points, ragged, ill-clad children wriggled and wormed their way down into the press. It was a crowd composed almost entirely of the foreign element which inhabited that quarter—and the crowd chattered and gesticulated with ever-increasing violence. She did not understand. And she could not see so well now. That pitiful tableau in the doorway was being shut out from her by a man, directly in front of her, who had hoisted a half-naked tot of three or four to a reserved seat upon his head.

And then a young man, one whom, from her years in the Bad Lands as the White Moll, she recognized as a hanger-on at a gambling hell in the Chatham Square district, came toward her, plowing his way, contemptuous of obstructions, out of the crowd.

"Say, wot's de row?" she demanded.

The young man grinned.

"Somebody pinched a million from de old guy!" He shifted his cigarette with a deft movement of his tongue from one side of his mouth to the other, and grinned again. "Can youse beat it? Accordin' to him, he had enough coin to annex de whole of New York! De moll's his wife. He went out to hell-an'-gone some-where for a few years huntin' gold while he old girl starved. Den back he comes an' basks in today wid his pockets full, an' de old girl grabs a handful, an' goes out to buy up all de grub in sight 'cause she ain't had none for so long. An' w'en she comes back she finds de old greaser ragged an' tied in a chain, an' some guy's hit him a crack on de bean an' flown de coop wid de mazuma. But youse had better get out of here before youse gets run over! Dis ain't no place for an old skirt like youse. De bulls 'll be down here on de hop in a minute, an' w'en dis mob starts sprinklin' de street wid deir feetin' footsteps, youse are likely to get hurt. See?" The young man started to force his way through the crowd, but again, "Youse had better cut loose, mother!" he warned over his shoulder.

It was good advice. Rhoda Gray took it. She had scarcely reached the next block when the crowd behind her was being scattered pell-mell and without ceremony in all directions by the police, as the young man had predicted. She went on. There was nothing that she could do. The man's face and the woman's face haunted her. They had seemed stamped with such abject misery and despair. But there was nothing that she could do. It was one of those sure and grievous cross-sections out of the lives of the swarming thousands down here in this quarter which she knew so intimately and so well. And there were so many, many of these cross-sections! One in a small, pitifully meager and restricted way, she had been able to help some of these hurt lives, but now—Her lips tightened a little. She was going to Shulker's junk shop.

Her forehead gathered in little frowns as she walked along. She had weighed the pros and cons of this visit a hundred times already during the day; but even so, instinctively to reassure herself, she had apparently minor, but nevertheless fatally vital, point might have been overlooked, her mind reverted to it again. From Shulker's viewpoint, whether Gypsy Nan was in the habit of mingling with or visiting the other members of the gang or not—a matter upon which she could not even hazard a guess—her visit tonight must appear entirely logical. There was last night, as a natural corollary, her equally natural anxiety on her supposed husband's account, providing, of course, that Shulker was aware that Gypsy Nan was Dangler's wife. But even if Shulker did not know that, he knew at least that Gypsy Nan was one of the gang, and, as such, he must equally accept it as natural that she should be anxious and disturbed over what had happened. She would be on safe ground either way. She would pretend to know only what had appeared in the papers; in other words, that the police, attracted to the spot by the sound of revolver shots, had found Dangler handcuffed to the fire escape of a well known thieves' resort in an all too well known and questionable locality.

A smile came spontaneously. It was quite true. That was where the Adventurer had left Dangler—handcuffed to the fire escape! The smile vanished. The humor of the situation was not long-lived; it ended

there. Dangler was as cunning as the proverbial fox; and Dangler, at that moment, in desperate need of explaining his predicament in some plausible way to the police, had, as the expression went, run true to form. Dangler's story, as reported by the papers, even rose above his own high water mark of vicious cunning, because it played upon a chord that appealed instantly to the police; and it rang true, not only because what the police could find out about him made it likely, but also because it contained a modicum of truth in itself; and, furthermore, Dangler had scored on still another count in that his story must stimulate the police into renewed activities as his unsuspecting allies in the one thing, the one aim and object that, at that moment, must obsess him above all others—the discovery of herself, the White Moll.

It was ingeniously simple, Dangler's smooth and oily lie. He had been walking along the street, he had stated, when he saw a woman, as she passed under a street lamp, who he thought resembled the White Moll. To make sure, he followed her—at a safe distance, as he believed. She entered the tenement. He hesitated. He knew the reputation of the place, which bore out his first impression that the woman was the one he thought she was; but he did not want to make a fool of himself by calling in the police until he was positive of her identity, so he finally followed her inside, and heard her go upstairs, and crept up after her in the dark. And then, suddenly, he was set upon and hustled into a room. It was the White Moll, all right; and the shot came from her companion, a man whom he described minutely—the description being that of the Adventurer, of course. They seemed to think that he, Dangler, was a police-clothes man, and tried to strangle him. And then they forced him through the window and down the fire escape, and fastened him there with handcuffs to make the police, and the White Moll's companion, had deliberately fired some more shots to make sure of bringing the police to the scene, and then the two of them had run for it.

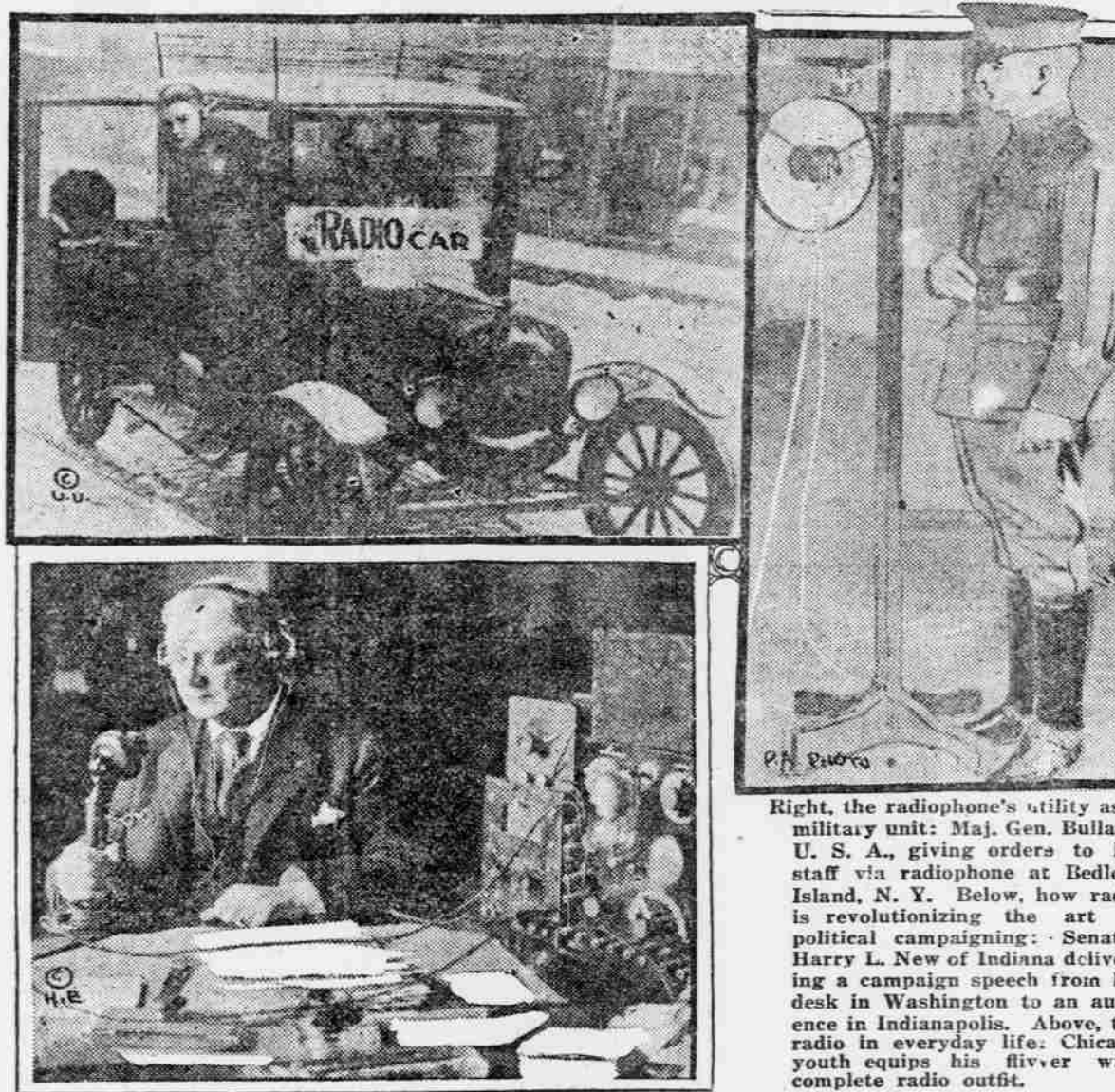
Rhoda Gray's eyes darkened angrily. The newspapers said that Dangler had been temporarily held by the police, though his story was believed to be true, for certainly the man would make no mistake as to the identity of the White Moll, since his life, what the police could find out about it coincided with his own statements, and he would naturally therefore have seen her many times in the Bad Lands when she was working there under cover of her despicable role of sweet and innocent charity. Dangler had made no pretensions to self-righteousness—he was too cute for that. He admitted that he had no "specific occupation," that he hung around the gambling halls a good deal, that he followed the horses—that, frankly, he lived by his wits. He had probably given some framed-up address to the police, out, is so, the papers had not stated where it was. Rhoda Gray's face, under the grime of Gypsy Nan's disguise, grew troubled and perplexed. Neither had the papers, even the evening papers, stated whether Dangler had as yet been released; they had devoted the rest of their space to the vilification of the White Moll. They had demanded in no uncertain tones a more conclusive effort on the part of the authorities to bring her, and with her now the man in the case, as they called the Adventurer, to justice, and—

The thought of the Adventurer caused her mind to swerve sharply off at a tangent. Where he had picked and aroused her curiosity before, he now, since last night, seemed more complex a character than ever. It was strange, most strange, the way their lives, his and hers, had become interwoven! She had owed him much; but last night she had repaid him and squared accounts. She had told him so. She owed him nothing more. If a sense of gratitude had once caused her to look upon him with— She bit her lips. What was the use of that? Had it become so much a part of her life so much a habit, the throwing of dust in the eyes of others, this constant passing of herself off for some one else, this constant deception, warranted thought it might be, that she must now seek to deceive herself? Why not frankly admit to her own soul, already in the secret, that she cared in spite of herself—for a thief? Why not admit that a great hurt had come, one that no one but herself would ever know, a hurt that would last for always because it was a wound that could never be healed?

A thief! She loved a thief. She had fought a bitter, stubborn battle with her common sense to convince herself that he was not a thief. She had snatched hungrily at the incident that centered around those handcuffs, so opportunely produced from the Adventurer's pocket. She had tried to argue that those handcuffs not only suggested, but proved he was a police officer in disguise, working on some case in which Dangler and the gang had been mixed up; and, as she tried to argue in this wise, she tried to shut her eyes to the fact that the same pocket out of which the handcuffs came was at exactly the same moment the repository of as many stolen banknotes as it would hold. She had tried to argue that the fact that he was so insistently at work to defeat Dangler's plans was in his favor; but that argument, like all others, came quickly and miserably to grief. Whereas the "leak" was, as Dangler called it, that supplied the Adventurer with foreknowledge of the gang's movements, she had no idea, save that perhaps the Adventurer and some traitor in the gang were in collusion for their own ends—and that certainly did not lift the Adventurer to any higher plane, or wash from him the stigma of thief.

(To Be Continued)

RADIO TELEPHONE IS MAKING OVER THE MODERN WORLD

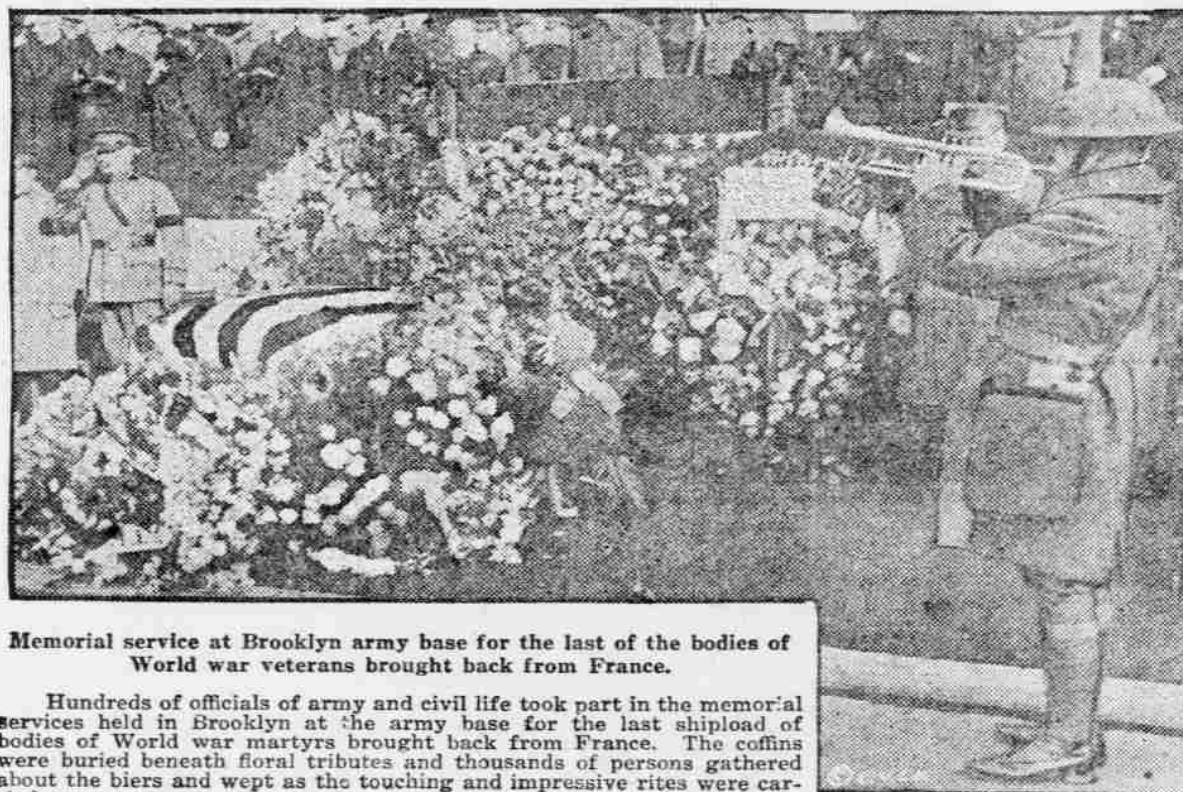


This is the radio age. Before our very eyes the radio telephone is making over the modern world. The human voice can now be

flung across the ocean. The political spellbinder thrills his audiences a thousand miles away. The isolated farmer in northern

Michigan hears nightly concerts that are going on in Pittsburg. Some of the many uses of radio are shown above.

SOUNDING "TAPS" FOR THE LAST DEAD



Memorial service at Brooklyn army base for the last of the bodies of World war veterans brought back from France.

Hundreds of officials of army and civil life took part in the memorial services held in Brooklyn at the army base for the last shipload of bodies of World war martyrs brought back from France. The coffins were buried beneath floral tributes and thousands of persons gathered about the biers and wept as the touching and impressive rites were carried out.

WOMEN OF FOUR NATIONS TO TALK ON INTERNATIONALISM OF THE "BUSINESS OF PEACE" AT Y. W. C. A. CONVENTION



Left to right: Miss Anne Lamb of Calcutta, Countess Helene Goblet d'Alviella of Belgium, Miss Charlotte Niven and (below) Miss A. Maude Royden of London.

Well-known women of four nations will speak to the seventh national women's convention of the Young Women's Christian Association to be held in Hot Springs, Ark., April 20-27. They will discuss from an international standpoint the "Business of Peace." Miss Charlotte Niven of England, executive secretary of the world's committee of the Y. W. C. A., will attack the question from a varied knowledge gained in many of the

countries of Europe. The Countess Helene d'Alviella of Belgium will speak of social and economical conditions imposed upon her country by the war. The keen interest women of the east are showing in the problem of establishing a world order of friendly relationship is to be the subject of an address by Miss Anne Lamb, an Anglo-In-

dian, of Calcutta. Judge Florence Allen of Cleveland will take up the question for the United States. Miss A. Maude Royden, England's noted woman preacher, will give a series of addresses on the "Christian Way of Life," showing how a woman should live in every relation—personal, social, family and international.

When A Girl Marries

By ANN LISLE.

CHAPTER 532
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Carlotta dropped me at Mason Towers on her way to Dreamworld. We had arranged to go separate ways to the city next morning. So dismissing from my mind the mystery of the blue car, and forgetting Carlotta's troubles and my own as well, I waited to be admitted to Evvy's home.

Evvy, herself, opened the door. A changed little waif of an Evvy—slim and pale with hectic spots of color on the wide cheek bones of her kitten's face, and with eyes so blue and wide that they seemed to occupy most of her face.

"I'm so glad you came!" she cried. "So glad! I thought you wouldn't fall me. Now let's have a happy day."

It was on the tip of my tongue to protest:

"You didn't bring me out here just to have a happy day, did you, Evvy? It sounded more important than the mere pursuit of pleasure, off in my little blue car for a day."

"I'm glad now, that I didn't say that."

"I have a luncheon packed, and I thought that if you liked, we'd go to the city. Shelly died. I haven't taken it out since—Shelly died. I want to use it today—if you'll come along to give me courage."

"Of course, I will," I replied heartily. Then, deeply touched by her wistful little figure and enormous eyes, I added: "Wouldn't I go just anywhere your heart desired, you blessed child you?"

"I'm so glad," sighed Evvy strangely. "Now we'll just have to decide what we want in the thermos bottles and we'll be ready to start whenever you say the word. Only now you must say a preliminary word—do you want tea, coffee, chocolate, boudoir or lemonade, lady? I've two thermos bottles."

"You choose one and I'll name the other," I replied entering into spirit of holidaying which I felt Evvy was trying so hard to capture. "I'll take coffee, for mine."

"I'll have chocolate then," said Evvy. "I hate soup and thin drinks like tea. I see we're bound to get on. Coffee to stimulate us and chocolate to nourish us, as the doctor orders."

There was a note of bitterness in her voice which didn't escape me. I filed it away for future reference, but decided against spoiling the day by emphasizing any but happy phases of our party.

It seemed odd to be riding in Evvy's little blue car—but no stranger than it had been to find myself in the big one which had once been mine. Somehow the delft blue roadster and the midnight blue limousine seemed symbols of stages in my life. The little car suggested the first days of my marriage. It revived memories of the day when Evvy had broken her spite on me to New and the other horrible hour when Sheldon Blake had met his death as Evvy was starting out in the car, which I felt sure she'd never driven from that day to this.

She took the highway in the opposite direction from Dreamworld. This meant that we didn't have to

pass the embankment over which Sheldon had gone to the end of his road. We skinned along for miles in the silence of understanding. I basked in the warm, yet invigorating air and the brisk gold of the sunshine. After a time Evvy turned off the main road and began winding through a tangle of woods and on to a little brook purpling down a sunny slope. Presently we came to a spot that was warm and sunny, yet utterly secluded. It was a cup of greenward holding a pool of clear water set in a circle of hills.

"Shall we get out here and roam a bit?" asked Evvy.

"This would be a fine place for our picnic," I agreed, "and if we do a bit of walking first we'll probably bring better appetites to the feast."

Almestly we strolled around for a while investigating the little haven of green. Suddenly and with an air of purpose, Evvy flung herself down on a slope and as I dropped beside her, caught my hand in hers. She looked up at me with pleading eyes as she gazed up at me with pleading eyes.

"I want to ask a favor," she said. "A big favor. And if you don't grant it, Anne, it will hurt cruelly. Please—be kind to me."

She put her hand on her heart as she spoke and her gesture seemed to me to say: "I want to ask a favor," she said hand upon her heart—the pallor of her face, stained by those hectic spots high on her cheeks, made me wonder if Evvy were getting ready to make something like a "last request" of me.

"I'll do anything I can," I said with all the assurances I could put into the simple declaration.

"You must do more," cried Evvy. "More than you think I have the reasonable right to ask of you. You must stretch a point for me. You must not let pride, or anything else interfere. Promise, promise, Anne!"

"Almost hypnotized by the spirit of numb terror emanating from her wide eyes and the clammy coldness of her hand, I nodded.

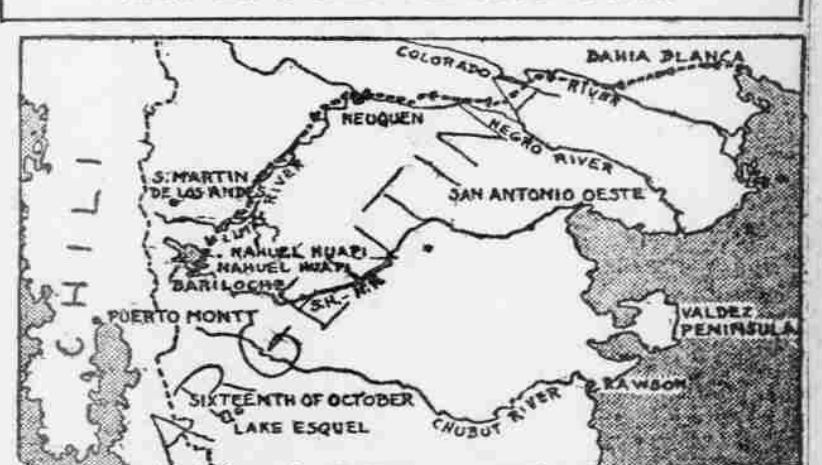
"You won't refuse what I ask," murmured Evvy. Then she caught my hand to her lips and I could feel her tears, too.

"You know what a mess I've made of my life," she went on suddenly in a tone which she steadied down to a breathless earnestness. "I thought of the husky sweetness of her coquettish tones in the long ago and her dry little voice made me pity Evvy fully as much as her wasted body and her seeking eyes on fire with longing. 'I've made a mess of my own life. I tried to wreck Jim's. I came near smashing Neal—and Phoebe. And Sheldon died for me. Now, something's come up—something—I want to get away from here—away from my people, trotting along with me. I've something I want to do—to see through—and alone. It will help me forget, and start over, with a clean slate. My people are queer and—conserved Evvy. They won't let me go unless I enlist Tom on my side. And that's where you come in. I'm afraid of Tom—afraid he'll up me. But Tom likes you. He always has. And he admires you. He wouldn't refuse anything you asked."

"Oh, Anne, don't you see—how you can help me?"

(To Be Continued)

HUNTING THE PLESIOSAURUS



Route of Professor Onelli's expedition.

Professor Onelli's expedition into the wilds of Palagonia to run down reports of the existence of a prehistoric monster in the region of Lake Esquel, has left Bariloche on the last lap of its journey to the settlement, Sixteenth of October. The expedition started from this Blanca.

FORMER VIRGINIA BELLE IS JAILED IN CHURCH THEFT



Mrs. Catherine Fitzgugh.

Mrs. Catherine Fitzgugh, daughter of William Bruce Fennel, who at one time ran for governor of Virginia, is being held in New York for an alleged attempt to steal the handbag of a woman absorbed in devotions in the church of St. Mary the Virgin. At one time she is said to have been the wife of one of the "Fighting Randolphs" of Virginia.

ARKANSAS' FIRST WOMAN SHERIFF



Miss Olive Clark.

Miss Olive Clark of Little Rock, Ark., has the distinction of being the first woman sheriff of her state. She is considered indispensable in handling women prisoners. She carries a gun, wears a sheriff's badge and makes arrests just like the rest of the force.